

TAKE IT FOR  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—  
DIARRHOEA**  
APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS  
— SORE THROAT**



# "Love in the Wilds"

—OR—  
The Romance of a South African  
Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXII.  
DAYS OF ANGUISH.

Presently, however, one of the men-servants told her maid that Mr. Toddy had been sent for, and Rebecca grew alarmed—not so much at the news as at a strange presentiment she had of some coming ill.

She put on her bonnet and ordered the pony carriage.

Then, with a woman's privilege, changed her mind and countermanded it. Her pride kept her back.

At dusk word was brought her that the squire was dangerously ill and not expected to live through another day.

White and terrified, she had the brougham brought round and hurried off to the Dale, her one idea being to get the old man's forgiveness and grasp his hand in friendship once more before he died.

Every hard, fiery word she had poured out upon his gray head burned into her soul.

"Drive quicker, James," she said, lifting the little window.

"Yes, ma'am—up to the hall door?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes—no," said Rebecca. "Drive to the side gate and I will walk through the shrubbery—the carriage will make too much noise on the front path."

"Just what I was a-thin' of, miss," said the man, who understood his mistress as well as she did herself. "I hope you'll find the squire better, miss," he said, respectfully. "Shall I wait?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, tearfully, as she turned to enter the shrubbery. "Wait here, and if I don't come I will send word for you to return."

James touched his hat and remounted his box, casting his eyes up at the dimly-lighted window of the sick-room.

"The squire dying, Master Hugh—Heaven knows where!—and Miss Grace lost! What'll become of the Dale, I wonder?"

While he was pondering he heard footsteps coming toward the carriage from the shrubbery and, peering into the darkness, was surprised to see his young mistress hurry from the opening which but a few minutes since she had so hastily entered and clutch the carriage door.

"What on earth's the matter?" muttered James. "Something skereed her?"

And he jumped down off the box.

Rebecca's face was as white as death and her eyes looked scared and startled—her hand, too, as it grasped the door, trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Heavens, miss!" exclaimed the man; "what be the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing, James," breathed Rebecca, glancing at the shrubbery as she spoke and drawing her shawl more closely round her throat.

"I—I—got a little fright; a cat—or—or—something ran from the trees. It is so dark—and—lonely. I think I'll—I'll go up the front way."

"Yes, miss," said the man, sympathetically. "It be dark and lonesome, too dark and lonesome in the shrubbery for a lady to go alone in and at night. I don't wonder as yer be frightened. Look here, miss, I'll leave 'old horse here and come with you to the door, if you please."

"Very well," said Rebecca, still faintly, and James following her she went up the broad gravel drive to the house.

One of the maid-servants opened the door and a glance at the girl's red eyes and tear-bedewed apron told Rebecca all.

She went whither still when they showed her into the room and she saw the still, motionless figure beneath the sheet.

Mrs. Lucas came forward to receive her, but Rebecca sank upon her knees beside the bed and hid her face in her hands.

What would she have given to recall those passionate words of hers! Alas, they were beyond recall; the ears that had listened to them could hear no softer, no gentler ones now! She remained motionless for nearly ten minutes, then she rose, and with eyes that were red with the tears she had shed, she gazed upon the marble features. They were calm and peaceful now.

Death's hand had smoothed the passionate wrinkles from the forehead and, left the stern mouth soft and smiling.

While she stood looking the doctor came into the room with a lighted taper and a stick of sealing-wax in his hand.

He shook hands with her and wagged his head slowly and sorrowfully, with that sympathetic, professionally sad pursing of the lips that every physician acquires with his first patient.

ent, and then went on with his task, which was that of sealing up the drawers and safe in the bedroom and dressing-room beyond.

Mrs. Lucas tearfully whispered to Rebecca the story of the last moments—breaking down many times in the recital and winding up with a fit of sobbing that threatened to deprive her of what little breath she had.

Rebecca listened, still gazing at the dim outline on the bed and crying quietly; then, after ascertaining that she could do nothing, could be of no service whatever, she stole downstairs.

By the time she had reached the hall the doctor joined her.

"Have you seen Captain Dartmouth, Mrs. Goodman?" he said, in a hushed voice.

Rebecca flushed and turned white again.

"Yes—no," she said, with a strange hesitation.

"He is here—or was here—on the terrace a moment ago, said the little man. "If you will walk into the drawing-room—everything is in such confusion—the death—shem!—was so sudden—or—"

"I—I won't wait," said Rebecca. "If I can be of no use I—I think I will go."

Before Mr. Toddy could reply the drawing-room door opened and Captain Reginald came in.

He was very pale, but calm as usual, and came forward with outstretched hand.

Rebecca put hers into it—but with hesitation. He shook it, wrung it, rather, but said nothing.

The doctor relieved them of their embarrassment.

"So sudden!" he murmured. "Miss Rebecca has heard all. So distressing—ahem! No one here: Mr. Hugh away, and Miss Grace—ahem!—all the responsibility falls upon Captain Dartmouth's shoulders."

The captain shook his head.

"I know nothing; I can do nothing," he said, in a low voice and addressing Rebecca, "until the lawyer comes."

"He has been sent for," said Mr. Toddy.

"Meanwhile Mr. Toddy has been so kind as to seal the safe and everything of that sort," said Reginald Dartmouth. "I would give more than I could say to have my cousin or Miss Grace here. Under the circumstances I am thankful the estate is entailed."

The captain smiled a sad, meaning smile.

Rebecca, for the first time, lifted her eyes and fixed them on his—perhaps too unexpectedly, for he half started at the glance.

"It is not entailed," she said simply and slowly.

"Indeed!" he said, indifferently. "It will not matter in any case. There is sure to be a will. We all know to whom the squire looked."

Rebecca raised her eyes once more.

"Yes," she said. "First Hugh, next to Grace; but—"

Then she stopped.

He looked at her beneath his lowered eyelids with a keen scrutiny.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh. "I would to heaven she were here!"

"Good-night," said Rebecca.

And she turned toward the door.

Before she reached it Mrs. Lucas came down the stairs, holding something in her hand.

"I have found this, Captain Dartmouth, under the pillow," she said, and held out a folded paper.

Mr. Toddy took the paper and, going to the hall table, sealed it; then opened the door for Rebecca.

"Your carriage, madam—"

"Is at the gateway. I can reach—"

"Certainly, not alone," said Reginald Dartmouth, and he offered his arm.

But Rebecca murmured something, walked hurriedly down the steps and reached the brougham.

As she was entering the vehicle the Dale carriage dashed up with the family lawyer inside.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
FACING THE FUTURE.

A tale plausible was never spun To tickle lending ears and mask a villainy.—TYLER.

Mr. Reeves, the family solicitor, was a keen, sharp-sighted man—as a lawyer should be—and he took in the circumstances of the case at a glance.

Mr. Toddy had handed him the keys, papers, and seals, and had departed. In the chamber of death Mrs. Lucas sat watching and, at times, weeping. The lawyer and Captain Reginald

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were seated in the drawing-room, the first eating breakfast, the latter sipping a cup of coffee tinged with brandy, and looking pale and heavy after a short night's rest.

"It is most extraordinary," said Mr. Reeves, in his sharp, legal voice; "most extraordinary! And this is the only reason you can give for Hugh's absence?"

"That is the only reason I know," said Reginald Dartmouth, languidly.

"He refused to marry the lady and my uncle turned him out."

The lawyer nodded his head curiously and gave vent to an impatient and professional sigh.

"Ah!" he said, regretfully. "The only thing the poor squire wanted—a little patent turn. Poor fellow! Ah, well, we all have our tongues, Captain Dartmouth. But to proceed. And Miss Darrell, you tell me, has also disappeared? It is most remarkable—most strange!"

"It is," said the captain, impassively and breaking his toast.

"Most extraordinary! When did you say she disappeared?"

"Four days since," replied Reginald Dartmouth.

"Four days since," repeated the lawyer. "And all the efforts to discover her have been of no avail?"

"None whatever. I scoured all the most likely places on the road to London and in town itself for three days unsuccessfully."

"Dear me—dear me!" said the lawyer. "Thank you, another cup of coffee. May I ask if any reward has been offered for information?"

Reginald Dartmouth shook his head.

"No," he said. "There was no time. One event followed upon another too quickly to allow of any such steps being taken. Four days ago Grace—Miss Darrell—disappeared. I set off in pursuit within an hour of her disappearance and remained in or about London for three days. Yesterday I returned and found my uncle too ill to speak of anything. It is true he mentioned her name; but only in a slight and half-vacant manner. He was too far gone then to grasp the circumstances of her disappearance."

(To be Continued.)

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